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THE DAILY MIRROR, Saturday, January 3, 1920.

MASKED RAIDERS IN LIMERICK: £1,500 BOOTY

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1920

One Penny.

PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCESS MARY AT THE MEET



Princess Mary proceeded to make friends with some of the hounds immediately she arrived at the meet.



The Prince smilingly invited Princess Mary to ride on the front seat of his car, which he drove.



The Prince chats with Mr. A. Johnson, the huntsman.



The Prince of Wales (left) and Princess Mary (right) with some of the hounds.

The Prince of Wales and Princess Mary attended the meet of the West Norfolk Fox-hounds at Gressenhall Mill, near East Dereham, yesterday morning, but the hard frost

made hunting out of the question. The Prince arrived driving his car, with his sister beside him. After remaining half an hour they returned to Sandringham. See news page.

TRAVEL IN LONDON TO COST MORE?

Proposed 2d. a Mile Maximum for City Workers.

M.P.'s CALL FOR FACTS.

Workmen's Tickets May Be Abolished—Big Fight in Prospect.

A big fight is in prospect over the proposal of the London Traffic Combine to increase the maximum fares and to abolish workmen's tickets.

The Bill, which has been presented to Parliament and is backed by the London Electric, Metropolitan District, City and South London and Central London Railway Companies, seeks powers to:

Abolish workmen's fares.

Charge double the present statutory fares by raising first-class fares to 4d. a mile and other fares to 2d. a mile.

Increase parcels rates.

The parliamentary correspondent of *The Daily Mirror* states that the Bill will provoke a tremendous conflict both in the House of Commons and in Committee.

As an ordinary private Bill it has little chance of success; but it is impossible that it will meet with Government support, that is to say, if the evidence in favour of increased fares is really overwhelming. The traffic combine believes that it has this overwhelming evidence.

EXPENSE UP NEARLY £3,000,000.

Last month Sir Albert Stanley informed the Advisory Committee on London Traffic that the principal Tubes and the District Railway had lost £600,000 during 1919. He calculated that the expenditure for 1920 would show an increase of £2,650,000 over last year, an increase equivalent to an extra charge of 3d. per head on the 1,300,000 daily passengers.

The chief item in the increase is wages, the figures in respect of the electric railways being:

	Weekly average.	
Pre-war.	Now.	
Motormen	£2 3 6	£4 10 0
Porters	1 0	2 3 6
Skilled mechanics	1 19 0	4 4 3

A railway carriage that used to be built for £1,200 now calls for £4,000.

"PROVOKE OPPOSITION."

Sir Alfred Yeo and the Bill.—Mr. Burdett Coutts and Figures.

Sir Alfred Yeo (Co.L., Poplar, South) said: "The Bill will provoke very strong opposition in the House, but, speaking as a layman, I am afraid the figures already made public before the Advisory Committee on London Traffic give very strong support to the claims of the railway companies involved."

Mr. William Burdett Coutts (Co.U., Westminster Abbey), interviewed by *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, said: "I feel that there will be a call from members for more figures relating to the companies' earnings and expenses."

Case for the Public.—We can confute the figures of the railway executive, but Sir Eric Geddes will not have our evidence at any price," Mr. Flood, chairman of the London and Suburban Railway Passengers' Association, asserted.

"We consider that the Government have not given the people a fair chance of stating their case. The Ministry of Transport appointed an Advisory Committee, and refused our application for representation," he added.

Mr. Garstang, hon. secretary of the National Association of Railway Travellers, will welcome communication from all persons interested in tube travelling at 6d. Gloucester-mansions, Cambridge-circus, W.C.2.

REFUSED £12,000.

Ex-Seaman's Sacrifice to Retain the Honour of Mayoralty.

An offer of £12,000 for a two-years' lecturing tour in Canada has just been refused by Councillor Peter Wright, Mayor of Newport, Mon.

Councillor Wright's official salary as mayor is £250 a year. This proposal is a sequel to a tour made by Mr. Wright last year, when the Assistant Canadian Consul urged him to continue a speaking tour for two years. As the acceptance of this lucrative offer would mean the abandonment of the Mayoralty of Newport, which he prizes as a great honour, Mr. Wright, who in his early days was a sailor before the mast, has decided to put civic duties before self and refuse.

"VARSITY BILL."

The "Dockers' Varsity" down in Bernersdown are raising funds to present Mr. John L. Cope, who is to command the British Imperial Antarctic Expedition, with a dog to be called Varsity Bill.

RAILWAYMEN'S £3.

£100,000 in Wages in the Army and Navy Stores Award.

MOULDERS' "ALL CLEAR."

The wages settlement for railway workers will provide a minimum of 60s. weekly for the lowest grade.

The increase will be 38s. a week over pre-war rates on an average taken in each section, and poorly-paid men are brought up to the average. If the cost of living increases before next September wages will increase one shilling for every five per cent. increase. There will be no decrease until September, after which wages will vary upwards or downwards as the cost of living varies.

This report sent out by a news agency is evidence of a forecast of Mr. Thomas's statement to-morrow on railway wage concessions, which he promised would be a "surprise."

Stores Award.—The award of the Court of Arbitration in regard to the employees of the Army and Navy Stores is estimated to involve £100,000 in increased wages under the award issued last night.

Each employee between eighteen and twenty-one years of age is awarded a 20 per cent. advance, while those workers over twenty-one receive an advance of 35 per cent. subject to a maximum advance of 21s. weekly.

There is a forty-four hours week and holidays at the rate of one day for each month's service up to twelve months.

Moulders' Strike.—It was officially announced last night that a provisional settlement of the ironmoulders' strike had been arrived at.

The terms of the agreement, subject to a ballot vote, are an advance of 5s. (five shillings) a week, resumption of work by January 19, the re-employment of men as soon as possible and no dismissal.

Waiters.—The employers' association decided last night that it was useless to meet the union as the association has no power to bind its members as to tariff, rates of labour, etc.

'I'M THE CHAP WHO DID IT.'

Court Tale of Boy's "Hands Up" Demand and Revolver Threat at Post Office.

When Stanley Arthur Waterfall was charged in Clerkenwell Juvenile Court yesterday in connection with the attempted hold-up at the Westbourne-grove Post Office on New Year's Eve, it was alleged that the lad entered the office armed with a revolver and knife and demanded the whole of the money to be handed over to him. P.C. Isaac said when the accused gave himself up he said: "You have heard of that job at the post office in Westbourne-grove this evening. I am the chap who did it."

On handing an unloaded revolver to witness, accused continued: "I put the point of it through the wire and said, 'Hands up! Give me the money.' A remand was ordered.

DRIVER'S ROYAL RIDE.

Prince of Wales at Steering Wheel, Chauffeur Inside Car.

The Prince of Wales, with Princess Mary on the box seat, and Lord Harewood, arrived for the hunt of the West Norfolk Foxhounds, at Gresham Hill, yesterday, the Prince driving the car himself. Inside the car was the chauffeur. They had motored from York Cottage, calling on the way at Gresham Hall, the residence of George Ralph Hare, who arrived at the hunt with Sir Dighton Probyn.

The Prince and his sister shook hands with the huntsman, and the hunt was abandoned owing to the severe frost, and the royal visitors thereupon drove away for York Cottage. (Photographs page 1.)

BURIED ALIVE.

Two Little Boys Overwhelmed When Digging in a Gravel Pit.

Two boys named Davis, aged twelve and nine respectively, were digging gravel in a pit at Boxford, Dorset, yesterday, when tons of gravel fell from the top of the pit, which had been loosened by rain, suddenly fell on them.

When dug out both were dead.

DOG SAVES NINETY-TWO LIVES.

The passengers and crew of the Canadian coastal steamer *Ebbie*, numbering ninety-two, owe their lives to the bravery and intelligence of a big Newfoundland dog, says a Reuter's Curling (Newfoundland) message.

When the vessel was piled up on Martin's Point, the men, standing upon the deck, upon the boats were useless, the dog was put overboard and, holding the rope tightly in his teeth, fought his way through the breakers.

ETONIAN'S CAB TO CALL FIREMEN

Great merriment was caused at yesterday's meeting of the Eton Urban District Council when the report of the chief officer of the fire brigade stated that very valuable time was lost in calling the brigade to a fire at Eton College because an Eton boy hired a cab and drove to the garage to wait for the fire alarm. The brigade could have been summoned from one of the fire alarm boxes close to the house.

PYJAMA AUDIENCE.

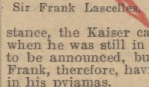
A Great Diplomat Who Received Kaiser While in Bed.

SIR F. LASCELLES DEAD.

The death was announced yesterday from pneumonia of Sir Frank Lascelles, formerly British Ambassador in Berlin, at the age of eighty-nine years.

Sir Frank Lascelles was one of the finest specimens of an English gentleman who was so thoroughly a diplomatist that it was said of him that if he had to deliver a declaration of war at 11 a.m. no one would suspect anything five minutes before.

The meeting between King Edward and the Kaiser was arranged by him, and he so equalled the confidence of the German Emperor that he was on really intimate terms with him. As an instance, the Kaiser called on him one morning when he was still in bed, and without waiting to be announced, burst into his bedroom, Sir Frank, therefore, having to receive the monarch in his pyjamas.



Sir Frank Lascelles.

RECTOR OF RUSPER.

Woman Committed for Trial on Charge of Demanding Money.

At Horsham yesterday Florence Louise Stone, of Worthing, was committed for trial on the charge of demanding with menaces money from the Rev. Edward Synnott, rector of Ruspur, who was the defendant in the proceedings before the Consistory Court at Westminster recently. It was alleged that the accused went to see the rector, demanding money, and saying she proposed calling on Lady Bell and Colonel Cunliffe, prosecutors in the Consistory Court.

She threatened to make grave accusations of immorality, lewd conduct and intemperance against the rector.

CITY SHOOTING DRAMA.

Doctor Sent for Trial—"Did Not Mean to Kill Him."

The recent shooting affair in a City shipping office was investigated at Guildhall yesterday, when George Henry Rodolph (thirty-nine), a doctor, whose head was swathed in bandages, was committed for trial on a charge of attempted murder and suicide.

William Walter Findlayson Gouda, commercial traveller, said the accused was a fellow-passenger on board the steamer *Azula* from Barbados.

On December 16 he received a letter from the prisoner referring to what happened on the steamer, saying, "I did not see a woman," and inviting witness to dinner. On December 23 accused called at witness' office and "seemed a bit queer."

When preceding accused told the stairs witness heard a noise and felt a blow on the head.

A police officer stated that at the hospital accused said to him, "I did not mean to kill him. I fired behind his ear to frighten him."

AVALANCHE PICTURES.

First Photographs of Swiss Snow Disaster—How Mountain Climbers Were Warned.

On page 12 of this issue of *The Daily Mirror* publishes the first pictures of the avalanche of snow which occurred just before Christmas at Davos, the Swiss winter resort.

These avalanches—there were three in all—carried forest, chalets and hotels before them. Climbers on the mountain were warned by the ringing of alarm bells and the blowing of horns, and one party, which included the King's jockey, H. Jones, only got clear by just two minutes.

New avalanches, isolating several villages, destroying houses and causing a number of deaths, were reported yesterday to have occurred in the Parnautal district of the Tyrol.—Central News.

RUSH FOR EX-"WAAC" SERVANTS.

That ex-"Waacs," fully trained and accustomed to Army discipline, would make ideal domestics is evidently the opinion of many harassed housewives.

"I have been quite snowed under with applications from prospective mistresses," Mrs. Hockley, of Norwood, the ex-unit Administrator, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, when expressing thanks for publicity given to her Domestic Bureau for Demobilised Waacs, "but I hope people won't send me more letters."

HE IS STILL IN A SAFE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

CARDIFF, Friday. When Samuel Wrigley was sentenced to three years' penal servitude here to-day it was stated that he was an expert in breaking safes, and "could walk into a safe like walking through a door."

RED PIERROT'S FATE AFTER COSTUME BALL.

Inquest Story of Captain Mitchell's Tragic End.

FATAL STAIR-ROD.

An officer's tragic death, caused by his tripping downstairs over a displaced stair-rod, was investigated by the Westminster Coroner yesterday at the inquest on Captain Alexander Ian Mitchell, of Berkeley-square, when a verdict of Accidental death was returned.

The captain in his fall broke his neck, the accident occurring after his return home from the Chelsea Arts Club Ball at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve.

Mrs. Eleanor Frances Mitchell, the widow, said that her husband went out to the ball at midnight with Colonel Williams, Lieutenant Walker Leigh, R.N., another naval officer and the two Misses Leston. Owing to a bereavement he did not go.

Five minutes after they had returned she heard a thud.

"I did not get up," said Mrs. Mitchell, "as I did not think that my husband was there, and the thud was close outside my room. About ten minutes afterwards I was called by the footman and found my husband at the bottom of the stairs. He was unconscious."

Colonel Hubert Balfour Ogilvie Williams, 3rd Dragoon Guards (in which Captain Mitchell was formerly an officer), said that he went to the ball with Captain Mitchell. Previously they had been to a theatre, and went to 35, Berkeley-square to change into fancy dress.

DONNED FANCY DRESS.

Colonel's Evidence of Tragic News First Told Him by Widow.

Captain Mitchell put on red pierrot's dress. The party, which consisted of the two Misses Lockton, Mr. Drummond Hay, the witness, Captain Mitchell, left the house together for the ball in one motor-car shortly after midnight. They returned to Berkeley-square soon after three o'clock. The two ladies went up to the drawing-room, sat a few minutes and then went to bed.

Colonel Williams continued: "It had been arranged that I was to sleep in the dressing-room, and I went upstairs, Captain Mitchell following me to the room. Here he took off his fancy dress and put on his pyjama suit."

"Soon afterwards he left, saying that he was going to the lavatory on the first floor. About half-past five or six o'clock, Mrs. Mitchell came to the room and told me that her husband had been picked up on the stairs and was said to be dead."

The post-mortem examination showed that the captain had extensive heart disease. The doctor thought that the displaced stair-rod had caused him to fall, and the blow on the chin knocked him out, death being due to syncope.

The coroner, in summing up, said that Captain Mitchell suffered from heart disease, and the fall produced a fatal attack of syncope. He was perfectly sober at the time, and there was no doubt that his death was due to an accident.

VANISHING MEAT.

English Beef and Mutton Hard to Buy—Foreign Supplies Good.

The supply of foodstuffs this week-end seems to be good.

There is no real scarcity of potatoes, but trucks cannot be easily obtained at the country stations and orders are not delivered up to time.

There is plenty of frozen meat, but very little English.

Fish supplies are uncertain and the prices are still controlled.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Wind between S. and E. or N.E., increasing to high or gale; some rain, perhaps snow. Rather low to moderate temperature.

Penny tram fares are to be abolished at Reading.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, invited by Lord Allenby, is going to Palestine to assist in Jewish resettlement schemes.

The funeral of Sir W. Osler, late Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, took place yesterday at Golden Green.

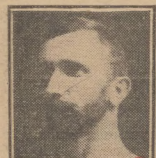
The first exhibition in the provinces by the Royal Horticultural Society for thirty-five years will be held at Cardiff in July.

180 sheep and eighty cattle have been slaughtered near Folkestone and Dover as the result of an outbreak of foot and mouth disease.

Minesweeper Mystery.—A British minesweeper, M.L. 98, with no one aboard, has been found aground on the Swedish coast. Reuter.

The New Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. W. S. Swayne, Dean of Manchester, was yesterday presented to the Vicar-General at Bow Church, Cheapside.

To Ignore Cheese Control.—A Liverpool broker has advised the Government that he intends to import cheese from Holland and to ignore control.



Mr. Peter Wright.

20 IRISH MASKED RAIDERS MAKE OFF WITH £4,000

Limerick Postmen and Sorting Clerks Held Up with Revolvers at Midnight.

SHOTS AT CAR OF LORD FRENCH'S FRIEND.

The reign of terror in Ireland still grows. Early yesterday morning twenty men, masked and armed, "held up" the Limerick Post Office, and got away with £4,000 in cash and postal orders.

Near Mullingar Captain Batten, to whom at his Westmeath residence the Viceroy, Lord French, is a frequent visitor, was fired at when returning by motor with Captain Bailey from Baldoyle. Captain Bailey was slightly injured, and the car was riddled with shot.

Yesterday the police and military searched a number of houses in Dublin and environs.

MEN ON DUTY COVERED WITH REVOLVERS.

Methodical Search for Booty by Three Parties.

DUBLIN OUTRAGES.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LIMERICK, Friday. One of the most daring raids of recent times occurred at Limerick Central Post Office early to-day.

It would appear that some sixteen armed men, one of whom was masked, entered the post office by the gate in Henry-street at the rear of the main building, and quickly divided into three groups.

One entered the room near the gateway, in which half a dozen sorting clerks were taking supper.

Each man was covered by a revolver and ordered not to move or make any noise.

The same thing was done in the case of six or seven postmen in a room at the other side of the yard.

Meantime, other raiders made their way direct to the office in the sorting room, where the money for old age pensions was kept.

RAIDERS CYCLE AWAY.

This money, amounting to more than £2,000, was taken away, and a clerk was asked for the key of a safe in which £1,500 more had been placed.

He replied that another official had taken it away, and no further effort was made to get it.

The men rode away with their booty on bicycles, going westward from the city.

The raid only occupied twenty minutes, the officials being compelled to remain where they happened to be when the raid was made.

Their guard apologised to them for any inconvenience caused them. All were warned not to leave the building for an hour.

Two postmen returning to the office from the railway terminus saw some cyclists riding up the street not far away, and, not knowing what had occurred, bade them good-night.

No trace of the raiders has been found.

Another account says the raiders got away with—

£1,500 cash for old age pensions.

Postal orders for £250.

Registered letter remittances £3,500.

The men numbered twenty, and were all armed and masked.

SHOTS AT OFFICERS.

Motor-Car Riddled with Bullets—Escape of Friend of Viceroy.

On Thursday night a motor-car, occupied by Captain Batten and Captain Bailey, returning from Baldoyle races, was riddled with bullets near Mullingar and Captain Bailey was injured in the car.

Lord French, the Viceroy, is a frequent visitor to Captain Batten's Mullingar residence.

The same night and near the same place a chauffeur, named James Broderick, was driving a car when shots were fired.

He escaped by throwing himself down in the bar. Several shots passed over his head. The car was riddled with bullets.

CARS ATTACKED IN DUBLIN.

Chauffeur Held Up by Twelve Men and Beaten—A Petrol-less City.

Following on the wrecking of motor-cars and attacks on drivers in Dublin in order to force the Government to abandon the Motor Permits Order, comes news that the special "Trade Union Committee appointed to deal with the Motor Permits Order" have decided to cancel all permits for the driving of certain cars, such as those belonging to doctors, and have also called out on strike all men handling motor spirit.

Arrangements are being made to picket the garages in order to prevent the landing of petrol. Seven attacks on cars were being investigated

yesterday by the Dublin Criminal Investigation Department.

One of these the driver was decoyed by a bogus telephone message, when he was "held up" by twelve men, beaten and terribly injured.

His car was subsequently found overturned six miles outside the city.

Another car—a commercial vehicle—is believed to have been run into the Liffey.

A search was made of the offices in the building at 35, Bachelors-walk, adjoining O'Connell Bridge. It attracted an enormous crowd.

The search party arrived in three military wagons. The soldiers, wearing trench helmets and carrying rifles and bayonets, took up their position outside the building while the search was being made by the police and detectives.

No arrest was made. The raid occupied only about twenty minutes. When the party drove away the people thronging the bridge and quay raised derisive cheers.

The residence at Brendan-rue, Donnybrook, of Mr. Bat O'Connor, of Tralee, was also searched.

The offices raided are used by the New Ireland Assurance Society, whose committee of management includes three M.P.s—Dr. J. Ryan and Messrs. Staines and Duggan. The police inspector told Mr. Staines he would search the building thoroughly. No documents were removed.

ATTACK ON POLICE.

Donegal Sergeant Terribly Injured—Further Remand in Dungleas Case.

Londonderry magistrates yesterday remanded Charles McBride and Anthony Ginley, charged in connection with the armed attack near Dungleas on a party of police.

It was stated that Sergeant Farrell, who was shot in the ankle and body, was permanently injured and would be unable to attend the court for months.

Constable Cunnane is slowly recovering from shot wounds.

PREMIER WARNS U.S.

Claims Right of Colonies to Defend Own Interests in the League.

The conference which has just concluded between Mr. Tamm, President Wilson's secretary, and Senator Hitchcock is taken to indicate that the President has decided to resume the fight in the Senate for ratification of the Peace Treaty, says the Washington correspondent of the United Press, quoted by the Exchange.

It is believed that the President's revised interest in the fight is due to "recent events in London."

"It is reported," adds the correspondent, "that the utmost concern is shown in London over the proposal to equalise British and American voting strength in the League of Nations."

"Mr. Lloyd George, who recently made a speech championing the rights of Canada and Australia to separate votes, is reported at the same time to have communicated his views to the Washington Government, pointing out that the reservation proposed by Senator Lenroot and included by Senator Lodge in his programme might cause trouble."

"It is reported that Mr. Lloyd George declared that this reservation disfranchised the Colonies, and added that Great Britain must oppose any measure which denied to self-governing British Dominions the right to defend their own interests in the League of Nations."

"Senator Lenroot's motion now threatens to become the crux of the fight, replacing Article 10 as an obstacle to agreement."

ITALY'S FIRST "DRY" DECREE.

Rome, Friday.

Under a decree just issued for the first time in Italy, the sale of liquor containing more than 20 per cent. alcohol is allowed only between the hours of 8 a.m. and 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. and 10 p.m. On Sunday have only Days the sale is completely prohibited.—Exchange.

"STATE OF SIEGE" AT KOLTCHAK'S CAPITAL.

Grave Situation in Siberia—Crimea Road Open to Bolsheviks.

As a result of revolutionary movements, Irkutsk, the present administrative centre of Admiral Koltchak's Government, was declared in a state of siege on Christmas Day. All measures for the safety of the town have been taken, Reuter states.

The Japanese are trying to prevent armed conflict, and are anxious to stop the revolutionaries from crossing the Angara River.

COPENHAGEN, Friday. A message to the National Tidende from Riga states that a truce between Estonia and Soviet Russia was signed last night.

It comes into force on January 3, continues for a week, and will be renewed automatically if no objection to it is received up to twenty-four hours before its expiration.—Central News.

CRIMEA PERIL.

A Moscow wireless states that in the Kieff region the "Red" troops are beginning to break back the front.

In the centre, after fierce fighting and desperate enemy resistance, the "Red" troops occupied the Don Basin, capturing an important railway junction.

"On the left flank," the report proceeds, "our rapid advance on the railway junction of Likhnia affords us the possibility of capturing the railway communications between Tsaritsyn-Rostoff."

The "Red" troops are stated to be approaching Rostov, Taganrog and Novocherkassk, while the road to Kherson, Odessa and the Crimea is opening before them.—Wireless Press.

INDIAN "JACK CORNWELL."

Boy Bugler Who Seized a Pickaxe and Cracked Mahsud Skulls.

MANDANNA, KACH, Dec. 22 (delayed).

The last three days have witnessed the fiercest fighting ever known on the frontier.

The Mahsuds have displayed the utmost determination in opposing our picket operations, and have resisted in the most stubborn manner all the British efforts to advance.

Probably for the first time in history the Pathans have lost a battle, and on Friday the 67th and 68th Brigades, and to-day part of the 43rd Brigade, have fought magnificently.

Both yesterday and to-day the 34th Pioneers fought a hand-to-hand contest with the enemy, fighting and mutilating the Mahsud defences for the men who had to follow up and occupy the heights during the lonely night vigils.

The bugler boy of this unit—a mere child—emulated the example of Jack Cornwall.

Left with but a few men, he seized the nearest weapon, a pickaxe, and laid about him right and left, cracking Mahsud skulls like old Umslopogans, and returning to camp laden with trophies. Reuter.

STRIKING EMPIRE CALL.

Peace Appeal by Premiers of the "British Commonwealth of Nations."

There is a New Year's message "to our fellow-citizens of the British Empire" from Prime Ministers of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The main points are—

"Neither education, science, diplomacy nor commercial prosperity when allied with a belief in material force as the ultimate power are real foundations for development of the world's life. Spirit of goodwill is essential to the League of Nations."

This spirit rests on spiritual forces. The hope of a "brotherhood of humanity" reposes on the deeper spiritual fact of the Fatherhood of God.

In the recognition of the fact of that Fatherhood and of the Divine purpose for the world, which are central to the message of Christianity, we shall discover the ultimate foundation for the reconstruction of an ordered and harmonious life for all men.

The message is signed: D. Lloyd George (United Kingdom), R. L. Borden (Canada), W. M. Hughes (Australia), Louis Brandeis (U.S.A.), R. A. Squires (Newfoundland) and W. J. Massey (New Zealand).

The foregoing appeal is issued through the National Laymen's Missionary Movement, of 3, Tudor-street, London, E.C. 4, and is countersigned by the president, Colonel Sir Robert Williams, M.P., by Viscount Bryce, O.M. (on behalf of the Advisory Council), and Sir Albert Spicer, Bart. (Executive Committee).

TWO MINESWEEPERS ASHORE.

Stockholm, Friday.

The following message has been received here from Karlskrona—

On the 30th ult. the English minesweeper H.M.N.L. 125 grounded off Southern Orland. The crew were saved.

The H.M.N.L. 90 went ashore without a crew near Simrishamn. The reason for the crew abandoning the vessel is not yet known.

Both vessels belonged to a squadron engaged in minesweeping in the Finnish Gulf and now on its way to the Oresund.—Reuter.

RED PIERROT'S FATE AFTER COSTUME BALL.

Inquest Story of Captain Mitchell's Tragic End.

FATAL STAIR-ROD.

An officer's tragic death, caused by his tripping downstairs over a displaced stair-rod, was investigated by the Westminster Coroner yesterday at the inquest on Captain Alexander Ian Mitchell, of Berkeley-square, when a verdict of Accidental death was returned.

The captain in his fall broke his neck, the accident occurring after his return home from the Chelsea Arts Club Ball at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve.

Mrs. Eleanor Frances Mitchell, the widow, said that her husband went out to the ball at midnight with Colonel Williams, Lieutenant Walker Leigh, R.N., another naval officer and the two Misses Lockton. Owing to a bereavement she did not go.

Five minutes after they had returned she heard a thud.

"I did not get up," said Mrs. Mitchell, "as I did not think that my husband was there, and the thud was close outside my room. About ten minutes afterwards I was called by the footman and found my husband at the bottom of the stairs. He was unconscious."

Mrs. Mitchell added that the carpet was bulged about six steps up.

The Coroner: Why would your husband be going downstairs?

Witness: I think he must have forgotten to switch off the lights outside the drawing-room door.

TO THE BALL AND BACK.

Colonel Hubert Balfour Ogilvie Williams, 3rd Dragon Guards (in which Captain Mitchell was formerly an officer), said that he went to the ball with Captain Mitchell. Previously they had been to a theatre, and went to 35, Berkeley-square to change into fancy dress.

Captain Mitchell put on red pierrot's dress. The party, which consisted of the two Misses Lockton, Mr. Drummond Hay, the witness and Captain Mitchell, left the house together for the ball in one motor-car shortly after midnight. They returned to Berkeley-square soon after three o'clock. The two ladies went up to the drawing-room, sat a few minutes and then went to bed.

Captain Mitchell and himself had one whisky and soda, and the captain was perfectly sober and had not had much drink that night.

Colonel Williams continued: "It had been arranged that I was to sleep in the dressing-room, and I went upstairs; Captain Mitchell following me to the room. Here he took off his fancy dress and put on his pyjama suit."

"Soon afterwards he left, saying that he was going to the lavatory on the first floor. About half-past five or six o'clock, Mrs. Mitchell came to the room and told me that her husband had been picked up on the stairs and was said to be dead."

Colonel Williams said he summoned a doctor, and afterwards noticed that one of the stair rods had been displaced and that the carpet was also bulging a little.

CORONER'S VERDICT.

The post-mortem examination showed that the captain had extensive heart disease. The doctor thought that the displaced stair-rod had caused him to fall, and the blow on the chin knocked him out, death being due to syncope.

The coroner, in summing up, said that Captain Mitchell evidently tripped down the stairs, and, as he went down, one of the stair-rods happened to be displaced, and he fell forward and on to his chin, thus sustaining a violent blow.

As he had suffered from heart disease this produced a fatal attack of syncope. He was perfectly sober at the time, and there was no doubt that his death was due to an accident.

PARISIANS FLOODED OUT.

Seine Now Eight Feet Above Normal—Tramway Service Interrupted.

Paris, Friday.

The Seine has risen 23in. during the last twenty-four hours. 7th sleep of the river is now about 8ft. above the normal.

The tramway services have been interrupted at certain points.

The level of the Oise is still higher than that of the Seine, the 100 ft. having been reached. A number of streets in Compigne are flooded, and temporary huts are being hastily put up to shelter the inhabitants who have been obliged to evacuate their homes.

Large tracts of country are transformed into great lakes.—Reuter.

9,375-MILE TRIAL FLIGHT.

Paris, Friday.

Two civilian airmen will leave Paris to-morrow for Saigon.

The route extends over a distance of 9,375 miles.—Central News.

NOTES AND NEWS FROM FILMLAND.

IS 'LARRY' SEMON ANOTHER CHARLIE CHAPLIN?

By ALFRED BARNARD.

THAT the world should possess a second Charlie Chaplin does not seem possible. Yet from the United States comes the assurance that such a man does exist, and that he has signed a contract which will bring him £700,000 in three years. His name is "Larry" Semon, and only a few years ago he was a "cartoonist of sorts" on the staff of the New York Evening Telegram, earning 35dol. a week. Like "Charlie," he started his career in the music hall line, appearing in songs, dances, and acrobats in his father's troupe. With this as a foundation, five years on the screen and plenty of hard work, he has managed to become a serious rival to Charlie Chaplin.



Mr. "Larry" Semon.

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES."

"King Solomon's Mines," the film version of Sir Rider Haggard's famous novel, is now showing at all the leading cinemas throughout the country. All the scenes in the picture were taken on the actual spots described in the book, and the company travelled hundreds of miles through fever-stricken jungle to obtain the necessary scenery in which to set hunting, fighting and treasure-seeking.

ENID BENNETT—

Like many other actors and actresses who have "come into their own" in filmland, Enid Bennett had experience in the "speaking drama" before making acquaintance with the studios. She played Modesty in "Every Woman," and parts in "The Whip," "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and other well-known plays.

—AND HER PRODUCER.

Thomas H. Ince, the American producer, told me once that it was after she had begun her film career that he was first attracted by her beauty. He was the first to perceive that, given the right rôle, she could play it in a bright and quaint manner that would quickly bring her to the front. It is good luck to be seen in early days by a "live" producer.

THE GREAT DAY.

The Drury Lane drama, "The Great Day," will be filmed at the New Famous Players' studio in London in May next. Under the arrangement with Mr. Arthur Collins, the original scenery, costumes and "properties" will be used in the film version.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?

Many of my readers are familiar with that question, "What shall I make of my son?" It is one of the greatest problems of the domestic circle. First we must find out what he has a "bent" for—often a difficult matter, and having solved that part of the question we have to find an opening in the great world of affairs for him. And after all our trouble we may find that whereas we tried to make a clergyman of him he turned out, in fact, to be a successful butcher. The career of Charles Ray, the film actor, illustrates my point.

CASE OF CHARLES RAY.

His parents wanted him to go into business—they thought he would shine in commerce. He bowed to their wishes and took a course of training at a commercial college. But he failed to "make good" in the business world, and so he joined up with a touring company of players with whom he worked for two years. Then he got on to the films and went through the usual "ups and downs" until the production of "The Coward," in which he made a great success.

A NEW TYPE.

You see he made a new type of character, that of a shy, self-conscious youth who gradually awakens to his real strength. He is seen to great advantage at present in "String Beans" as an all-round drudge who becomes a journalist and breaks up a swindling company promoter's conspiracy. It is an excellent Charles Ray character, a study of an imaginative, sensitive and ambitious boy who succeeds.

WOMAN DISCOVERS A NEW PROFESSION

A STORY CONTAINING A SUGGESTION.

By PEGGY BAMBOROUGH.

"I MUST find some work," said Mary to me one day last summer. "I hate to think of mother doing without her little comforts, and we are so horribly short of money."

Mary's father had died a few months before, and he had left his affairs in a chaotic condition. After the country home was sold there remained a small income which was not quite sufficient for the upkeep of the tiny house in our quiet suburb.

"The trouble is," she went on, "that I cannot take any post that would mean being away from home all day. I couldn't leave mother for many hours together. And I can't think what there is that I can do while I am living at home."

"What have you to sell in the labour market?"

"That is just the trouble," she answered. "Frankly, I do not shine at anything but games. I think I could get a post at a school as games mistress without much difficulty, but that would mean leaving mother, and I can't do that."

"What games do you play?" I asked. "Oh, tennis, golf, hockey, cricket and football," she answered, "and, of course, I ride and swim."

Her answer gave me an idea. "You can really play cricket?" I asked, and she looked up in surprise.

"Why, of course," she answered. "Then," I exclaimed, "if only you would! He'd be simply delighted, dear little chap."



THE COBBLER'S SONGS.—Mr. Henry Burns has published another volume of verse. He is here seen at work in his cobblers' shop in Goldbourne-road. Most of his songs tell of fights by land and sea.

ARE WE BECOMING MORE HYSTERICAL?

FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN, RESULT OF SCIENCE.

By T. THORNE BAKER.

ALL except a very few of us laughed at the idea that the world was coming to an abrupt end a fortnight ago. But some of us felt a vague sense of trouble, as reports in the various newspapers showed. "Nervous people" were troubled by the mere possibility of such a thing.

Perhaps we are all getting more "nervy"—more susceptible to the thoughts that rarely worried us a few years ago, before civilisation had proceeded quite so far, before science had taught us quite so much.

In the train of photography came spirit photographs; in the train of wireless telegraphy came the thought-wave theory, and a dozen new ideas of mental wave notions and mental receptivity.

In other words, publicity has caused people entirely unfit to understand new theories and new possibilities to worry over them, just as every child, sooner or later, becomes frightened at the idea of eternity.

A recent scientific discovery has shown us that vitamins are essential to life; a mere trace of one vitamin is necessary in the body to prevent the development of rickets in children or young animals, another to prevent sleeping sickness, and so on.

Soon we may be worrying in case we have not the necessary vitamins in our body to prevent premature decay and death.

In fact, we know so much these days that we begin to wonder we are alive at all; the vast complexity of life is beginning to be made

manifest, and, to add to it all, we have the new wonder to ponder over as to whether the dead talk to us after death.

It would seem that the super-civilisation of to-day is making us hysterical; such wonderful things have been discovered during the last twenty-five years that we dare not say anything is impossible. We are losing our sense of proportion, our soundness of judgment, and in many cases our peace of mind.

Dr. Voronoff, of Paris, claims to have restored youth by the implantation of a young interstitial gland in aged people. We know that the vital qualities of life can be made active after death.

The great Russian scientist, Metchnikoff, has told us that natural death is exceedingly rare in Nature. If death is artificial, the immortal being reduced to mortality by poisons, we have only to discover a means of overcoming the poisons to produce indefinite life.

If we think a little over these various things we see that modern progress is just making us more frightened of death than we used to be. We should like to live longer—may the experiments of Voronoff succeed!

If we do die, we like to feel that we shall still be "alive" and able to hold converse with our friends here. We didn't want the end of the world to come, because of the uncertainty of what would happen after.

A well-known French writer asked the question, the other day: "What is the good of so much progress, since it brings its own problems, and often makes us as individuals no happier?"

The civilisation of to-day is wonderful, and has innumerable advantages, but it is making some of us hysterical.

NEW YEAR TOPICS.

THE MOTHER AND THE GIRL AT THE MODERN DANCE.

NO MORE CHAPERONS.

YOUR correspondent, "Mother," is evidently living in the past. Mothers need not accompany their girls to modern dances.

And surely this is a relief to mothers? I well remember the long, dreary hours spent at dances, watching my now middle-aged daughters revolve frantically on two. I didn't enjoy it a bit. Now I needn't go.

My younger nieces and other girls simply go off alone and say: "See you later, old thing."

What harm is there in this?

A MODERN MOTHER.

TOO MUCH!

"HER Mother" has little to complain of. She ought to be my daughters' mother! They perplex me, not so much by going to houses and parties I know nothing about, as by bringing all kinds of young men to my house I don't know and often don't like.

One night I gave a little dance, with food arrangements, for thirty.

My youngest girl announced that Jack—her favourite—was bringing "some pals."

He brought four. And others did the same. I had about fifty to provide for.

Men may be scarce, but this is too much. These young men are often very rude, too. They hardly notice their hostess.

A. M. E.

MORE SUPPER!

SINCE you are suggesting reforms in parties, let me add mine. Suppers have got off!

A chap wants food if he's to carry on all that time. Before the war, we used to have a good feed at midnight.

These young men are often very rude, too. They hardly notice their hostess.

A DANCING MAN.

CHRISTMAS DRINKING.

THE reason drinking has crept into Christmas is obvious. The early Christians, instead of abolishing Pagan rites, incorporated them, whenever possible, into their own religion, so as not to offend converts.

The festival of Bacchus and Silenus, the Gods of Drink, they found occurred about the date that the present Christmas comes.

Father Christmas is evidently (as he is represented with the red nose of a habitual drunkard) Silenus under a Christian disguise—with his punch bowl and glass in hand.

ARCHÆOLOGIST.

SAVE DARTMOOR.

I AM delighted and relieved to see that your paper is taking up the cause of Dartmoor.

The destruction of this beautiful part of England is threatened, and unless the people who love country places are roused, we shall have yet another happiness taken from us in the unsatisfying name of utility. We cannot pretend to be ignorant on this subject, for we all read our Daily Mirror.

So let every lover of peace and beauty—now almost banished from our commercial world—raise his voice to condemn so deplorable a scheme which, if successful, would leave our country denuded of one of her greatest glories.

T. F. HORWOOD.

DEARER FOOTBALL.

I HAVE recently been struck by the exorbitant prices which are to be charged for admission to the Cup Final this year.

The prices are stupendous and far beyond the average working-man's wildest plunge.

The Cup Final is a game of everybody's thoughts, and it is unreasonable to expect us to pay such a price for one and a half hours football. There is no reason why the price should be raised at all, but even if it is, surely 2s. entrance fee should be ample.

FOOTBALLISTS.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Clean-Shaven Men.—Does "Middle-Aged" really want us all to appear with beards and whiskers? What would a young fellow look like if he sported Dundermy's in these times?—STILL YOUNG.

The Improved Pantomime.—I vote for more of a story in the pantomime. Let's have a real pirate tale and less of the Jazz element.—HOME FOR HOLIDAYS.

Widows Who Remarry.—A woman left a widow is inevitably much more lonely than a widower. That is why an unprotected woman remarries. It is not that women are "unfaithful."—TWICE MARRIED.

Leap Year Proposal.—A woman always knows when a man is going to propose to her. Doesn't the same apply to a man? He knows when a girl likes him. If he doesn't like her, there is less possibility of time to make off. He can't be "caught" unless he wants to be.—SAFETY A BACHELOR.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 2.—Even at this dull season of the year fancies are opening in the country garden. To-day one greets the pretty Japanese witch hazel (hamamelis arborea). This is a delightful shrub to have in some sunny, sheltered corner. The leafless branches are now decked with bright yellow spider-like flowers.

That popular Chinese climber jasminum nudiflorum (the winter-flowering jasmine) also begins to make a brave show on a sunny fence.

B. E. T.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1920.

MORE TO PAY.

THE public as wage-earner wants more money, in every profession and trade.

The public as consumer or wage-payer has thereupon to pay more everywhere for everything. Within that circle we turn like squirrels and get no further by our motions.

Now you have a threat of higher fares on those tubes and undergrounds which do not pay in spite of their overcrowded condition. Their labour being dearer, their fares must apparently be higher. The working man who asked for a rise will pay for the rise in his ticket.

The working man, as public, is all the more annoyed, on account of the intense discomfort in the trains, as he goes to and from his work.

To those who travel, it seems indeed that it is the public that ought to "ask more." The public ought to send in a bill, as thus:

To new overcoat being torn in scrimmage £20
To new bowler hat being bashed in 1
To nervous breakdown expenses 20
But, alas, the bills sent in by the public are not paid!—unless the public pays them.

IF WE KNEW...

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE is persistent in his faith about the Unseen. He is always conversing with the Beyond. He welcomes 1920 with the prophecy or promise that, before the end of it, we shall "know" about the Future Life.

Will it be good to know, rather than to believe or hope?

For a moment the imagination hovers over the possible revolution in thought and action likely to be involved by certainty in a matter which has formed the main subject of wistful speculation or firm assertion for unnumbered ages of life upon the planet Earth.

Suppose we knew?

The philosophers, metaphysicians, and inquirers into the Absolute would suffer first.

They would lack audiences and lose Chairs. There would be a fearful slump, if we may put it so vulgarly, in the "omniscient" and the "summative." Theologians, however, could continue their comments; merely enlarging the received knowledge. And the masses?

Very likely they would not alter their ways. They did not change, we are told, before the Flood. If they knew, they would simply forget and go on marrying, giving in marriage, and permitting feminine proposals in Leap Year.

SCHOOL SOVIETS.

THE "new" world goes on getting made...

The current theory of government is self-determination. To what? To selfishness? Well, anyhow, to self.

And the younger generation long ago affirmed this theory, or grasped this "natural right," in the British home.

As "governors"—obsolete term!—parents have been suppressed.

But occasionally, in schools, there lingered a little discipline, which will vanish now that another school has formed itself into a Republic.

The boys of several Polytechnics have begun to govern themselves.

There are committees of boys, appointing tasks. What tasks we are not told. But the school Soviets exist.

May the younger generation be gentle! May it merely superannuate the middle-aged! May it spare the teacher the guillotine! W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
—Shakespeare.



A new portrait of Lady Margaret Sackville, youngest daughter of the seventh Earl de la Warr.



Commander B. R. Brook, D.S.O., R.N., of the Magnolia, leaving England for service in China station.

MOMENTOUS DECISIONS.

An Englishwoman Among the Mormons—The Tale of a Water Baby.

I AM AUTHORITATIVELY INFORMED that the Prime Minister, who is due in town to-day, will be accompanied to Paris next week by Lord Curzon, Mr. Bonar Law and probably other Ministers. Momentous decisions with

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Italian Premier.

There will be general regret if Signor Nitti's indisposition necessitates the postponement of his visit to London, as important results were expected from the conversations at No. 10. The Italian Premier has not merely rare diplomatic gifts, but possesses the power of picturesque phrase-making in an eminent degree.

"Carving Castles Out of Clouds."

I remember the notable figure of speech. A member of the Italian Parliament with a reputation for fantastic arguments, had been addressing the Chamber. "He is always carving castles out of the clouds," was the Premier's comment.

A Brake on the Wheel.

A Liberal Coalition M.P. I met last night was by no means perturbed by the declaration

Back from America.

Miss Winifred Graham, the novelist, who has been to America on an anti-Mormon crusade, has just returned to England. At Pittsburgh she spoke before 5,000 people, and a delegation of Mormons from Utah were hooded down.



Miss Graham.

The Marriage Habit.

Miss Graham tells me an interesting fact about Heber J. Grant, the new head of the Mormon cult. "This man," she writes, "in 1884 married his second wife and next day married his third." I can only hope that this constitutes a record.

Ex-Kaiser Coting Carroulous.

A friend who has just returned from Holland brings me the story that the ex-Kaiser is getting extraordinarily garrulous. I am told that he talks for hours with scarcely a break. His intimates try to comfort him with the assurance that he will not be "wanted."

The Theatre Slump.

The week after Christmas is generally a bad one for the London theatres, and once more we are confronted with the spectacle of empty stalls and half-filled galleries. Londoners have, I suppose, had a surfeit of enjoyment, and no doubt will return to their pleasures with an added zest in a few days' time.

Large Profits.

Last year was probably the most financially successful year in the history of the London theatre. The big theatrical combines must have reaped a golden harvest. I have just learned, for instance, that the seven houses of which Sir Alfred Butt is managing director have been paying dividends of from 15 to 40 per cent.

Pickwickian.

I do not know whether the late Sir W. S. Gilbert would have approved of it. But there will be an innovation in "Trial by Jury" when it is revived at the Princes. The players will be dressed like Dickens' characters.

Born in Mid-Ocean.

I have just heard from Mr. C. B. Cochran of an interesting incident that occurred on the last outgoing voyage of the Mauretania. Some days before the arrival of the ship at New York a third-class passenger gave birth to a child.

A Start in Life.

The first-class passengers were anxious to do a good turn for the new arrival, and Mr. Cochran himself went round with a hat, in which he placed £50. Finally a sum of £300 was collected and handed to the mother on behalf of her offspring.

Removing an Eyesore.

Ramsgate's New Year proposals toward the beautification of the town include, I understand, the removal of that eyesore, East Cliff concert enclosure. A fine new concert hall will be substituted, but no definite decision regarding the site has, as yet, been arrived at.

More Accommodation.

Easter at Ramsgate will see the reopening of the Granville Hotel, which was used as a hospital for Canadian soldiers undergoing special treatment during the war. In addition,



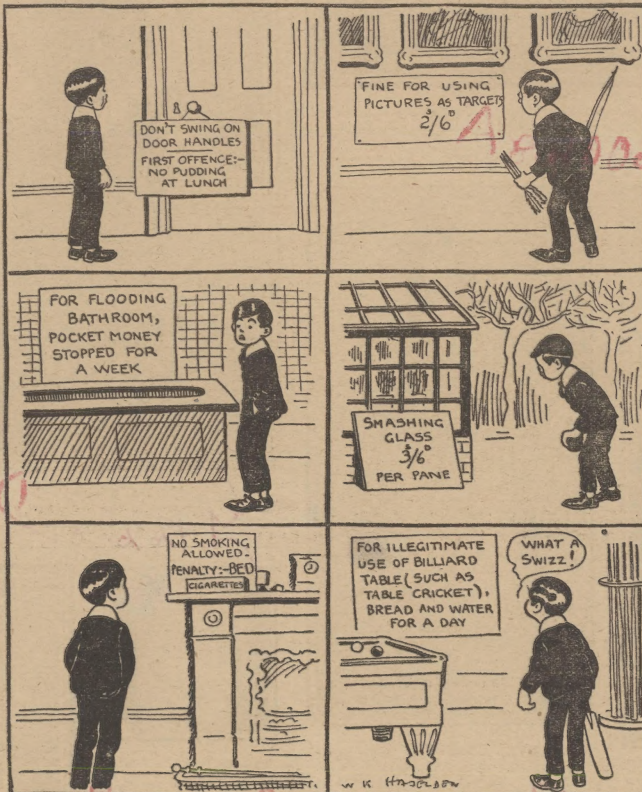
Miss Esme Beringer, who will play Calpurnia in "Julius Caesar" at the St. James'.



Mme. d'Alvarez, who has just been engaged to sing with the Chicago Opera Company, the first holiday of the year will also be marked by the opening of a brand-new hotel of smaller size not a mile distant from the Granville pile.

THE RAMBLER.

TOMMY'S NIGHTMARE OF AN IDEAL HOLIDAY HOME.



Many parents tell us they don't know what to do with boys home for the holidays. This suggests an organised effort to prevent all the small-boy amusements. Awful dream!—(By W. K. Haselden.)

regard to the future of Constantinople, Mesopotamia, Egypt and Syria have to be taken, and it is quite possible that the Premier may be detained in the French capital for at least three or four weeks.

The Last Phase.

It is confidently hoped that before the Prime Minister returns all outstanding questions will be finally settled. Some six weeks have still to elapse before the meeting of Parliament, and if the Prime Minister can, on the opening night of the Session, tell the House that peace has been fully accomplished, it will begin in a singularly happy way.

The London Biltmore?

Mr. John Bowman, the American hotel magnate, leaves London to-day for the other side. I hear that his expected purchase of the Devonshire House site has not yet matured, but is in a state of very hopeful suspense. In any case, Mr. Bowman has not abandoned the project of a London Biltmore Hotel, and we shall see him back again very soon.

that the middle-classes were giving their support to the Labour Party, as evidenced at the recent elections at St. Alban's and Bromley. The effect of the middle-classes supporting Labour would, he predicted, be to put a powerful brake on the party wheel.

Concerted Action?

The Miners' National Executive will meet next week to resolve on the next move with regard to mines nationalisation. There are those who think the extremists will try and push platform propaganda on one side and go in for industrial action straight away. The miners want more of the large profit being made on coal as well as nationalisation.

Nurse Cavell.

I looked in once more yesterday at the exhibition of war pictures at the Royal Academy. Two things struck me. One was that there was quite a little group clustered round the Edith Cavell picture. The other was that some American soldiers were making amusing and quietly derisive remarks about the paintings in the Futurist style.

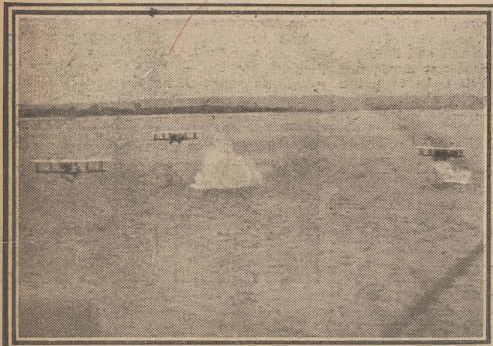
THE BLUE ANGEL OF LA BASSEE.



Miss Griffin, an English nurse, who is doing some splendid work among the ruins of La Bassée. The children, whose hurts she heals, have dubbed her "The Blue Angel of La Bassée" from the uniform she wears.



HOLIDAY LECTURES.—Prof. Bragg, whose holiday science lectures have delighted schoolchildren by their attractive features. The professor is describing the cause of sound when a silk rag is torn.



SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN.—Three seaplanes dropping aerial torpedoes in the vicinity of a submarine. The machine on the left has just released its weapon, which is visible in mid-air.



GOOD-BYE, FLAPPER!—A prize-winning costume worn by Miss L. Wilson at a New Year's dance given at Stratford. The flapper's last thought appears to be "tea".



LEAP YEAR.—"All dressed up and —" This little lady appeals for a partner in her happiness. Would the clergy sanction her bridal day?

SOME STORIES TO BE SHOWN



Marguerite Clark as a society girl who is posing as a cook, as she appears in the new film, "Come Out of the Kitchen."



Albert Lawrence, H. J. Hamlin, and others, in the new film, "King Solomon's Mines."



RESCUER.—Mr. Brian Pratt (19), who plunged into the sea at Dawlish and rescued Mr. W. J. Gibson, the stationmaster, who had slipped while walking along the sea wall.



ENGAGEMENT.—Miss Nancy Skeate, daughter of Mr. T. A. Skeate, whose engagement to Capt. Ralph Brassefield, M.C., has just been announced.



A DOG'S LIFE.—Faithful Fido is burning the midnight oil in his vain endeavours to compose his refractory charge to sleep. The kitten seems to enjoy it.

AS CINEMA PLAYS THIS WEEK.

INDIAN PUNJAB RIOTS.



Ray Brown in a fine film version of "The Mince."



AR UPSET. — Sir Henry Maughan, whose motor-car was overturned by a gang of men while on a tour of the district, Dublin.



A charming scene from "Quinneys." Joe Quinneys (Mr. Henry Amley) discovers the lovers (Miss Isobel Elsom and Mr. Eric Harrison) at their midnight tryst.



ETERAN HUNT FOLLOWER. — Charles Alexander, who has followed the Tedworth Foxhounds for over thirty years, at Cro-wood, Ramsbury. He is a familiar figure on the road.



"BART'S." — Miss Margaret Chute, who is organizing a ball masque at Covent Garden in aid of the funds for St. Bartholomew's Hospital.



After the recent riots in India a large number of prisoners were taken. The above photograph shows some of the prisoners, who were placed temporarily in a barbed-wire cage before being sent to Lahore.



AIR-RAID ECHO. — The spire of St. Stephen's Church, Westminster, was so badly damaged that it has had to be removed. It will cost £1,000 to replace, and the rector is waiting for funds.



FILM STAR'S TREAT FOR LADS. — Miss Ivy Duke, who took a party of boys to the Circus at Olympia for their New Year treat. She is shown seated among some of her guests.



CHILDREN'S PARTY AT THE ALDWYCH. — Miss Iris Hoy presents gifts to little guests of herself and fellow artists at the Aldwych Theatre.



DUCK BOARDS AGAIN. — The flooded Seine has brought into use again the duck boards which during the war saved the Allied troops from sinking into the murderous mud of the trenches.

BUY TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY PICTORIAL

which will contain the following
brilliant articles:—

IS THE LABOUR MINISTRY ANY GOOD?



By **HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.**

Who answers the question with an emphatic "No!" The failure of the Ministry as an engine of conciliation is gross and palpable. Labour must help us to find an efficient substitute, for commercial victory will go to the nation that first discovers the secret of industrial peace.

THE PROBLEM OF WAR GUILT

By **AUSTIN HARRISON**

The Editor of the "English Review," discussing the punishment of subordinate enemy officers for war crimes, warns us that a policy of revenge will inevitably plunge Europe into another blood bath.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO CHOOSE

By **CECIL MORHEAD**

Who says we are entering upon woman's era, and predicts that wonderful things will be achieved under her inspiration.

WHY PARSONS ARE NECESSARY

By **CANON A. C. DEANE**

A reply to Mr. Francis Gribble's argument that it is no longer necessary to maintain a special class of men to do the work of the clergy.

SUNDAY PICTORIAL

Order your Copy To-day

Weak and Wasted Baby.

Weighed only 21 lbs. when Two Years Old.
Made Healthy and Bonny by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



Baby Burgess.

"I had tried everything I could think of, and had good medical advice without any benefit resulting for poor little Edie, when a friend advised me to give her Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I did, and it was really astonishing how she helped her. She picked up wonderfully, and quite soon was eating better than ever she had done. Then she began to put on flesh and became quite active. Now she is running about ever so well and strong. I had her weighed not long ago—she is just 4 years and 6 months now—and she turned the scale at three stone. People who knew her before I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets are surprised to see her now. They never expected her to live."

Another of those wonderful child cures which show the priceless value of Dr. Cassell's Tablets to mothers of backward children is here reported. Mrs. Burgess, 41, Phytian Street, St. Helens, whose wasted little baby has been turned into a bright active little girl, tells her story as follows. She says:—

"My little Edith was born with a peculiar swelling at the bottom of her back, and had to have an operation. After that she was always weak and puny, and seemed to get thinner every day. She did not eat well, but just lay about, a frail little thing with no spirit in her. At two years old she only weighed 21lb., and hadn't even begun to walk. I can't tell you how grieved I was about her; it seemed as though she was never going to get strong. I got everything ordered for her, and did all I could, but it was no use. She just wasted away to a little skeleton, and what flesh there was on her poor little bones was quite soft and flabby."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

HOME PRICES
1/3 and 3/-
(the 3/- size being
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Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and
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Cassell's Co., Ltd.,
Chester Road,
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"The child is backward"—

and wants special feeding; give it **BENGER'S FOOD**. Many Doctors give this advice to parents anxious about a little one who is not thriving.

Benger's is a natural Food, entirely free from dried milk, tonic, or stimulating ingredients. But it differs from other foods in being prepared scientifically to give added nourishment with lessened digestive work.



is made with fresh new milk. It forms a dainty food cream, so light that the weakest children absorb it, and so nourishing that it quickly builds them up. The *Lancet* describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

BENGER'S FOOD LTD. MANCHESTER, England.
Branch Offices:—New York: 79, Beekman Street. SYDNEY: 117 Pitt Street. Despatch throughout Canada.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A BANDON that unsatisfactory post! I can get you a better.—Apply M. Y. Olney, Stage Door, London Hippodrome daily at 11.30 a.m.
ACT for the film!—Immediate vacancies for actors for this interesting Profession.—Call or write, Star Academy, 19, Strand Green, Finsbury Park, N. 4.
BIG Salaries.—Good Positions for Youths from 15 to 20 in the Cable and Wireless Services. Mod. fees.—Apply for Prospectus, D.M., London Telegraph Training College, 262 Earl's Court-road, S.W. 5.
CINEMA Acting.—Enthusiastic people wanted for this exciting profession; excellent prospects.—Apply to Bedford and Wallace, 29, Dalwick-road, Herne Hill, S.E. 14.
GIRLS of 14; simple work in Post Office buildings in London; minimum height 5ft.; wages and war bonus and free tuition for educational exams for higher ap-
LADY Agents wanted, earn pounds spare time, selling knitted jumpers, scarves, etc., from actual makers; stamp particulars.—Nelson Knitting Co., Nelson-st, South-end-on-Sea.
WANTED smart young dancing girls for Revue (must be small).—Apply M. Y. Olney, Stage Door, London Hippodrome daily at 11.30 a.m.
WOMEN Workers.—Obtain Domestic Work under Trade Union conditions.—Domestic Workers' Employment Bureau, 19, Buckingham-street, Charing Cross. Daily, 9.30 a.m. except Saturdays.
SHORTHAND-TYPIST required for up-to-date News-
Editor's Office; lady-like and attractive appear-
ance desirable; state speeds and salary required.—Box 247, "Daily Mirror," 25 St. Bouverie-street, E.C. 4.
ADV Agents wanted, earn pounds spare time, selling knitted jumpers, scarves, etc., from actual makers; stamp particulars.—Nelson Knitting Co., Nelson-st, South-end-on-Sea.
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THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY
M. AYRES



Meg Ross.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, has promised to marry **JEFFERY STAFFORD**, a strong, determined man, to whom.

LAURIE ROSS, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.

ALLISON LEE, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford.

Meg, after her wedding, discovers that Anthony Willard, her former lover, who had died in an accident, had left her a legacy of £14,000. She tells Stafford that she is no longer dependent on him. "I suppose," he replies, "you have not forgotten that you are my wife."

A PLEA FOR FREEDOM.

THOUGH Jeffery spoke quite quietly, there was an expression in his eyes that aroused all my antagonism, and I suppose he saw it, for he said again with waiting for me to speak. "We may as well go upstairs if you have anything more to say: we don't want everybody in the hotel to hear us quarrelling."

"We are not quarrelling," I said, but when he stood aside for me to pass I obeyed him, and we went up to the sitting-room which led from my bedroom.

There was a fire burning, and it looked cosy enough, but I hated it. I had never hated anything in my life before. To me it was only a prison, nothing more, and I could feel that I was trembling in every limb as I turned to face him when he had said, "I am mad."

"I dare say you will think I am mad," I began excitedly, "but I'm not. I ought to have told you at home—before we came here. I don't mean to live with you—I never mean to live with you, and nothing you can ever do or say will make me."

I stopped breathlessly, and there was a momentary silence before he said cuttingly: "So you are your brother after all; not sufficiently honourable to stand by a barred door."

I flushed crimson at that. It was an insulting accusation to be made by him of all people, when he had not hesitated to force my hand by the threat of his father. Surely that was a dishonourable action, if mine was.

"I have stood by my bargain," I answered. "I have married you, and surely that is enough. You don't care for me, and I... I broke off."

"You hate me," he said, "but I finished for me quietly. 'There is no need to tell me again. But unfortunately for you, I have no intention of letting you go. You are my wife, and a man usually prefers to keep his wife with him, so we will have no more nonsense like this, and now I have changed my mind once again, and shall take you to America with me.'"

"And if I refuse to go?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I shall take you just the same," he said.

He spoke without the least anger, in his usually quiet tones, but to me it was more final than any outburst of rage would have been, for I knew that he meant every word he said as he stood there looking at me with his steady eyes.

I had never failed before to get my own way with a man, and no doubt it was my pride that was hurt chiefly, for while I stood there, crimson with anger and shame, the ghost of a smile twisted his firm mouth.

"Don't be ridiculous, Meg," he said, in very much the same way that he might have spoken to a precocious child.

"I'm willing to make every allowance for you; I know you have had a great deal to bear, and that everything has been done in a hurry, but if you will only try and look at things reasonably you will realise that marriage with me is quite the happiest solution for you. You have no money,..."

"I have now," I broke in. "There is Anthony's money."

He corrected himself calmly. "You had no money when I married you, and but for this unexpected windfall I cannot imagine what would have become of you."

"I have Laurie," I said.

"Laurie!" His voice was contemptuous. "How long do you imagine he would have stuck to you? Till the first rich woman came along and was foolish enough to take a fancy to him. He will never work for his living, and you know it."

"You are only making me hate you more by saying these things of my brother," I said.

He frowned. "I am sorry, but you force me to defend myself. Come, Meg, why need we quarrel, and on our wedding day, too? Time enough in ten or twenty years, when we have got deadly sick of one another."

"I am sick of you now," I said, furiously.

"And I don't mean to live with you. If it's only the money you lost over Laurie that ties us together, I can pay it all back now. I have fourteen thousand pounds, and you can have it all—if you will let me go. I won't do anything to disgrace you. I won't even call myself by your name if you would rather I did not. You need never see me again. After all, what can it matter? You were going to America without me, anyway, so it will give us a good opportunity to explain things. You may tell people you left me if you like—I shan't contradict it; I promise you that I won't contradict anything you like to say about me."

with my eyes open, knowing that you would play hell with my life before I could break you; and perhaps that knowledge made me the more determined to have you. Anyway, it will take more than a bit of a girl like you to conquer me, and the sooner you understand it the better. I'm your master, and I always shall be. Now are you going to be sensible?"

I stared at him with fascinated eyes; I think for a moment I was too frightened to move or speak, then I broke out with a little gasp: "Oh, never thought—never thought you could be such a brute!"

He laughed at that. "Oh, yes, you did!" he said easily. "I overheard you say to Miss Lee—some months ago—that you hated the sight of me, and that you thought I looked brute enough for anything, so at least you have the pleasure now of proving yourself right."

"You ought to have married Allison," I broke out passionately. "I only wish you had! She always thought you the most wonderful man in the world! I wonder what she would say if she could see you now."

Jeffery turned rather white. "It's not of the least interest to me to know what Miss Allison would say or think," he said. "And haven't we wasted enough time in this futile argument? I suppose I have Willard's letter to thank for all this. You were docile enough this morning until I had my brush with you."

"Docile!" I caught up the word indignantly. "How dare you say such a thing to me! I'm not docile—I'll show you that I've got a will of my own. Oh, I'll make you sorry that you ever married me..."

For he had caught me roughly by both arms. I tried to get free, but I might as well have spared myself the effort, and realising it, I stood suddenly still, my eyes on his.

Such steely grey eyes they were, that seemed to look right down into my heart and read all its bitter unhappiness and rebellion; and yet they were kind eyes too; so kind that the tears suddenly welled up and overflowed on to my cheeks as he said:

"You'll never make me sorry that I married you, and some day I'll make you glad that you married me. You say you hate me. Well, I am content with that, because you won't always hate me. You can insult me a hundred times a day if you like, but you're my wife, and you'll stay with me—do you hear, Meg? You'll stay with me."

He let me go then, and, turning to the door, opened it and shut it again behind him.

I stood there nursing my bruised arms with trembling hands.

My thoughts went through my mind. I would run away! I would pretend that I was going to obey him, and then I would run away.

I was no longer without money. There was no one in England who could force me to stay with a man I hated and feared.

I stayed in my room all the afternoon, trying to make some possible plan, racking my brains in vain.

But, though each idea that came to me seemed more grotesque than the last, my determination to leave him did not waver.

It seemed as if during all the past week I must have been mad, and that now I was sane again, and could see my actions in their true perspective.

I hardly thought about Laurie at all. Perhaps the knowledge that his safety was secured put him out of my mind, or perhaps the fact that now we were no longer absolutely without money made all things look different.

And then—just about tea time—Jeffery himself unconsciously gave me a way of escape.

I think, in spite of everything I had said, his trust in me must have been very great, for he sent a note up to my room to say that he had been called out on business, but should be back to dinner.

I crumpled the little note in my hand and threw it into the fire.

It was as if he had opened a door for me whereby I could escape.

It was four o'clock then—he would probably not be back until seven. That gave me plenty of time.

I waited till I was sure he must have left the hotel, then I put on my hat and coat and hastily thrust a few things into my dressing-case.

The chambermaid came into the room just as I was ready and I started guiltily when she spoke to me.

"She carried a box of flowers, which she put down on the table. 'They have just come, madam,' she said."

I opened them impatiently. I loved flowers, but just now the interruption irritated me.

White lilies and red carnations—the two favourites! I gave a little cry of delight as I bent my face to their fragrance.

Who could have sent them? I lifted out the topmost blossoms and found a little card.

To my wife.

From Jeffery! I let the sprays of white lilies fall and my face burned.

I hated him because just as I had made up my mind to leave him he should pay me this little attention.

I did not look at them again, and as soon as the maid had gone I went out of the room and downstairs.

THE FLIGHT.

THERE were not many people in the lounge, but it seemed to me as if dozens of pairs of eyes were following me with the full knowledge of my intention. As soon as I got outside the hotel I began to run. I felt almost sure that someone was following me. It was only when I must have gone nearly a mile that I stopped and looked breathlessly round. But there was no body in sight. The quiet street into which I had turned was deserted save for a postman going his rounds, and I walked on again more confidently. Where could I go?

Allison would not take me in. Laurie would be furious with me if he knew what I had done. If I went to Mrs. Fryer Jeffery would soon find me. To whom, then, could I go?

The winter afternoon was closing in darkly and the shadows seemed to settle on my heart as well as on the world.

I realised how utterly alone I was and how unusual was the step I had taken.

I could imagine what a scandal there would be when my flight became known; what Mrs. Stafford would say; what everyone would think; but I did not care very much.

I suppose the strain of the last twelve days had unstrung me so that I really hardly knew what I was doing, for I felt absolutely indifferent to the consequences as I walked on through the cold east wind.

My wedding day! What a farce it all was! What a bitter mockery!

I suppose I must have walked for some time when I found myself close to Victoria Station. There was a fine sleet falling now with every chill gust of wind, and I turned into the big station hall more with an idea of shelter than anything else, I think, until suddenly I heard a woman say as she passed me:

"The six-five—that stops at Herne Bay."

Herne Bay! I had once had some friends living there, and the mad idea came to my mind that I would go down to them. Jeffery would never find me there; I should be safe for a little while at least.

I turned eagerly towards the ticket office. A line queue of people were waiting their turn for tickets, and I took my place at the end. To my impatience it seemed a long time before we moved on. Several other people were standing behind me long before I got near the little ticket window, and a tall young man in a big overcoat had twice picked up my gloves which I had dropped in my nervousness.

The second time our eyes met, and involuntarily he smiled.

"If you put them on, you won't drop them again," he said whimsically. The words were not at all impertinent, and I smiled too as I said, "Oh, yes, thank you; thank you, I will."

"Let me hold your suitcase," he said, and he took it from me as I nervously dragged on my gloves.

We were at the window now, and it was my turn to ask for a ticket.

"First single, Herne Bay," I said in a voice that shook with excitement.

I felt in both the pockets of my big coat for my purse. I took my suitcase from the young man standing behind me, and hunted through it with desperate fingers, but there was no purse.

The booking-clerk was impatient; the people behind me were beginning to make rude remarks; I was crimson with shame and mortification.

The New Year will hold many bright and pleasant reflections for all who regularly use Cherry Blossom Boot Polish



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THE BOX OF FLOWERS.

HE came across to where I stood and looked down at me with such cold anger in his eyes that involuntarily I put up my hand with a little cry, but he did not touch me.

"If I wanted to be rid of you, it would not trouble me what people thought, or what they chose to say," he said icily. "I am not the kind of man that needs to make excuses for anything I do. When I married you I did so

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)



This armoured car followed the funeral cortege of Lieutenant Boast, victim of Phoenix Park shooting.



Major Boast (father) and sons, one a lieutenant and the other a drummer, at the funeral.



The coffin, drawn on a gun-carriage, arriving at the cemetery at Dublin.



Rescuing the twenty-nine members of the crew by means of the rocket apparatus.



AN EMPIRE BUILDER.—The tomb of Wolfe at Greenwich, of special interest yesterday—the anniversary of the birth of the great soldier, who added Canada to the Empire by defeating Montcalm.



THE PRINCE OF DENMARK.—Mr. Martin Harvey as he appears in the title rôle in his production of "Hamlet," at the Covent Garden Opera House. — (Daily Mirror exclusive photograph.)



EXCITING RESCUES FROM WRECKED STEAMER.—Landing one of the crew from the wrecked steamer Ravenshoe early on Wednesday morning. The vessel, which was bound for Cardiff from Lisbon, was empty, and it drifted from the Scilly Isles to Penanwell.



FILM DEBUT.—Mrs. Eric Benson, daughter-in-law of Sir Frank Benson, who is taking up cinema work. She worked as a nursemaid in a war hospital.



TO WED.—Hon. Jev Thomas Jervis, daughter of Viscount St. Vincent, who is to wed Miss M. L. Watkinson, M.C., wife of Mr. R. H. Whittmore, of Evanston, U.S.A.



MAKING NEW MOTOR ROAD.—Ex-Service men busy on the new relief motor road between Thornton Heath and Purley, which is designed to afford motorists a safe alternative to the death-traps through Croydon. There will be two tracks—one for motors and one for cycles.